



November Thoughts.

NATURE has turned another page in her great book of lessons and by the decay apparent in the grass and trees and flowers tells us that one day we, too, must pass away. The world was never intended to be the abode of immortal man. It is too little, and the tenant is too great. A man is made in God's likeness; his nature is overarched by infinity; his life is a bundle of incalculable potencies. The world is only twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, and the meanest man who walks upon its surface can belt it with a thought in the twinkling of an eye. It is inconceivable that God should have made such a creature and quickened him with a spark from His own being, to the end that he might walk on the earth with leaden feet, eat, drink, laugh, die, and be shut up finally in a leasehold of six feet of earth. The very thought is absurd to right thinking.

Our days here are school days. This world is only the place of preparation for a better one. Its pains and disappointments, its sorrows and adversities have in them the possibilities of salvation if borne patiently and willingly for the love of the dear Saviour. And since the real life is beyond, it may not be unprofitable for us this morning to devote the time allotted for our conference to a consideration of the last moments of some who have died in the faith of the Catholic Church. The heroic manner and fearlessness with which they met death may give us some new idea of the power of faith to sustain the soul in that